

# REGISTRANTS OF JUNE 5, 1918

One Hundred and Fifty-Five  
Have Attained the Age of  
Manhood Since June, 1917.

Luther Glasscock, Axtel; Henry Curry, Union Star; Arthur Kanapple, Stephensport; Samuel Allen, Cloverport; Frank E. Stormes, McDaniels; Philip E. Rhodes, Axtel; Clarence Sermon, Kirk; Harry W. Henning, West View; Cecil Quiggins, Hardinsburg; Guin Daugherty, Glen Dean; Lawrence Tucker, Askins; Lee Wells Rockvale; Prentiss Pullen, Stephensport; Roy Kennedy, Hardinsburg; Ruby Lee Maysey, Addison; Virgil Dowell, Hardinsburg; Glen Bell, Irvington; Ovie Dowell, Hardinsburg; William Lampton, West View; William McKinley Moore, West View; Heron Jones, Cloverport; Nick Critchloe, Axtel; Wilbur Armes, Hardinsburg; Forest Basham, Raymond; Dave Snyder, Lodi; Everett Pile, Custer; F. Ramsey, Constantine; Wm. McKinley Macey Lodi; Albert O. Dutschke, Ammons; Gilbert H. Dowell, Guston; Arthur Lee Lewis, Madrid; Elmer Holmes, Eyeleigh; Willie Helm, Madrid; Carl Whitworth, Mook; Henry Wilson, Hudson; Everett Morgan, Ammons; Earnest Curry, Garfield; Elihu Adkisson, Irvington, Route No. 2; Joseph Merlin Elder, Moolyville; Arnold Pool, Hudson; William McKinley Blair, Hardinsburg; Earnest Knight, Narrows; Silas Wardrip, Hardinsburg; Clarence McGuffin, Locust Hill; Ezra Ward Kiper, Franks; Kirby Benjamin, Locust Hill; Eddie Gannaway, Fisher; Samuel B. Meadow, Kingswood; Romie Taul, McQuady; Willie Turpin, Tarfork; Lawrence Beavin, Mattingly; Paul Brite, McDaniels; Francis M. Ferry, Cloverport; Alfred Basham, Hardinsburg; James B. Fitch, Cloverport; McKinley Roberts, Cloverport; Ivan Roy Burnett, Vanzant; William Sutton, Hardinsburg; Noah Tabor, Garfield; Pete Moore, West View; Frank Payne, Hardinsburg; Robert Stribbling, Constantine; Clarence Redmon, Moolyville; John M. Lyon, Irvington; Joe Macey, Garfield; Edmond Manning, Moolyville; George W. Vessels, Moolyville; Byron M. Whitehead, Cloverport; Bryan Miller, Hardinsburg, Route No. 2; Herbert L. Hall, McQuady; Thomas Owen Stiff, Moolyville; Harold Smith, Garfield; Isaac Raymond Gootley, Cloverport; Forest Moorman, Cloverport; Lonnie B. Norris, Big Spring; Willie Noble, Webster; Walter M. Tate, Cloverport; Jessie W. Woods, Garfield; Willie B. Stiff, Union Star; Jesse Dickerson, Custer; William A. Hardesty, Webster; Irvine Compton, Garfield; Mac Noble, Frymire; Ed. Henning, Hardinsburg; Robert Hoye Haynes, Stephensport; Mertis O. Severs, Union Star; Mercereau Spalding, Glen Dean; Gus Brown, Cloverport; Sam A. Hayercraft, McQuady; Estell E. Davis, Woodrow; Floyd F. Quiggins, Harned; Charles R. Wheatley, Hardinsburg, Route No. 1; Patrick Miller, Cloverport; Denton Whitworth, Garfield; Allen Dowell, Hardinsburg; Elmer Payne, Hardinsburg; Herbert Jarboe, Hardinsburg; Anderson J. Davison, Woodrow; Livey Clark, Mook; Herman W. Galloway, Mook; Alva Lee Whitworth, Constantine; Hobart Moxley, Vanzant; Jess Hall, Cloverport; Clyde Quiggins, Constantine; Herbert November, (Col.) Cloverport; Hobart Bellou, Ammons; Joshua Bryant, Ammons; James E. Bohler, Cloverport; John Logan Drury, Irvington, Route No. 1; James P. Morgan, Ammons; Irvine Sipes, Garfield; Richard Chism, Raymond; Allen Kellog Basham, Woodrow; Joe Swink, Webster; Andra Critchelo, McDaniels; Percy Hobart Frank, McDaniels; Owen B. Nichols, Garfield; Lewis Beavin, Cloverport; Carrie Leslie, Mook; Guy Holder, Vanzant; Franklin Priest, Irvington; Charlie Robinson, Mook; Raymond Haynes, Irvington; Owen Haynes, Irvington; William L. Rollins, Stephensport; Charles L. Lawson, Corners; Claude Galloway, Roff; Roy Jackson, Hardin Springs; McKinley Milan, Roff; Raymond Parten, Askins; Alie Lyons, Custer; Denver Bridewell, Custer; Daniel Owen Mattingly, Hardinsburg; Thomas Fitch, Lodi; Lewis Smith, Rockvale; Albert Givans, Hudson; Clie Matthews, Askins; Jess Fuqua, Glen Dean; Stanley B. Jones, Cloverport; Thomas Mattingly, Glen Dean; Harmon Smith, Custer; Ernest Norris Tabeing, Tarfork; Virgil M. Robinson, Cloverport; Robert Clark, Fisher; Norman Lyons, Locust Hill; Harry Forest Mercer, Fisher; Homer Board burg; Hobart Drane, Webster; Oakley Henderson, Rockvale; Rufus H. Lyons, Custer; Willie Milner Mook; John F. Fentress, Axtel; Tyree Young, Irvington, (Col.); Henry Cecil, Hardinsburg, (Col.).

# INTERESTING LETTER

Continued from page 1

lately essential for the well-being and contentment of the men. They are vitally necessary for this reason: Everyone seems to unconsciously realize that should they leave the company of the crowd and go away to themselves—alone with their own thoughts—they could not stand it; their spirits would begin to droop; they might lose their nerve or become home-sick. "A victim of nostalgia," the doctor would say. It rarely ever happens, but a man is no longer any good when the malady does strike him. It has even been known to drive them insane in some cases. So a man without a strong will does not attempt any such reflections. He would naturally fear the result, and fearing it would realize the consequences, and so he does not often leave the society of his comrades.

That too, is the reason we are always so anxious to visit another town when our time for "liberty" arrives. Every man is quick to take advantage of it; to jump on one of the large auto trucks and go to a summer resort south of here about thirty-five miles for the relaxation of a night and a day. I've written you of Les Sables d'Olonne, and have sent you views of the place. About seventy-five of the boys are allowed to go at a time, leaving the station at 3 o'clock each Saturday afternoon returning Sunday night.

Before boarding the trucks we are lined up for inspection; clothes must be spotless, shoes shined until the Commanding Officer can see his features reflected in them; hat must be immaculate and set correctly on head; every button must be in place. We literally sparkle we are so clean. We form a perfect straight line and the Commanding or Executive Officer, or both, walks slowly down this line, stopping in front of each man and giving him a careful appraisal from hat to shoes; I recall the time when you played a similar role of Commanding Officer in my young life and gave me just such a careful scrutiny, making me "stand at attention" and pass inspection before I could go out and play. The crowd usually passes inspection though for they know the penalty if they do not. He is returned to camp and placed on second class conduct liberty for two months, being restricted to the limits of the camp for that length of time.

After inspection the order is given: "Compony-y-y Tenshun—Right Face—March!" Then we tramp thru the dust to the auto trucks for a three hour ride down the coast of the beautiful Bay of Biscay. Passing thru many small-villages enroute, the populace is always out to cheer us; throwing bouquets of flowers at us, etc.

I am enclosing you a note written in French which was attached to a bouquet of flowers which I caught as it was thrown into the crowd by an aged French lady. It had evidently been carefully prepared and awaiting our arrival as they look forward to our coming each Saturday. Of course you can translate it, it is "Greetings to our brother Americans; long live our beautiful France; long live the United States." On the end of the paper you will notice the words "Camille Classe 1921." That means that if the war is still in progress in 1921 that he, Camille—her son—will enter it at that time for he will be of age then. It was his mother who handed up the flowers to us; an old French peasant wearing wooden shoes and tottering with age. There was a pretty little flower garden with a few vegetables in it in back of their dilapidated brick dwelling from which she had taken the flowers for us. The house looked terribly run-down and neglected and a goat mulched quite contentedly on some rubbish at the front gate.

In this little garden in the rear of the house was the usual mound of earth which one sees so often, with the crude and simple wooden cross at the head of it; that of a son who had returned wounded and died, or who was sent home a corpse.

It seems as if in the absence of her son the aged mother could no longer keep the house and yard in good condition. The only spot which showed any signs of care was around the grave in this little garden where the dear old soul appeared to have concentrated all the strength and attention that her declining years would permit. One could easily see this for around the mound of heaped-up earth the flowers were more luxuriant while in other parts of the garden the vegetables were withering in decay and only a feeble attempt had been made to nurture and care for the plants.

It was very sad, mam' Moorman, as the old lady, bent and stooped, walked to the roadside and threw the flowers in our midst while she made a noble but pathetic effort to smile. I have doubtless witnessed scenes much more heart rending and terrible, but no scene moves or affects

me quite so quickly as just such an one as I have described; that of some dear old mother in distress, for it always makes me think of my own mother, and how very much I love her. And I mention the above incident not for the sake of any pathos it might contain, but simply to let you know that such scenes are but frequent occurrences over here.

But to continue the trip toward Les Sables d'Olonne to which we are travelling: At the next village, scarcely a mile distant, we were met by a crowd of shouting youngsters who gave us a royal reception and "hurrahed" us thru the winding tortuous streets of their little village while our powerful trucks with their motors going full speed and the drivers keeping the horns blowing constantly, and all the gang yelling at the top of their lungs' capacity in recognition of the ovation given us by the youngsters and the Mademoiselles of the erstwhile peaceful village.

"Here come ze Americans," they say, all along the route, and then we rush thru their sleepy little hamlets along the way with much noise—characteristic of the typical American—while chickens, goats and dogs flee from our path and we are enveloped by the cloud of dust which follows in our wake.

Upon our arrival at Les Sables d'Olonne, a city of about twenty-five thousand, hundreds of the inhabitants arise out to welcome us and we make this same sensational entrance with great gusto as some conquering general might have descended upon ancient Rome. We are the only American troops who have ever visited the city and although we have been going there for several weeks, our visits have not yet ceased to be a novelty to the natives. They are wonderful people though, as are all the French. This city, as I have told you in other letters, was, prior to the war, one of the most popular summer resorts in all France, being excelled only by Nice and Monte Carlo on the Mediterranean. Now, however, the attractions are not quite so numerous but it is still a very live place. Here the different allied soldiers come to recuperate. Every color and design of uniform imaginable is seen upon the board walk and the atmosphere has a decidedly military flavor.

While standing in front of our hotel there two Sundays ago enjoying the smooth, blue waters of the Bay of Biscay, I was approached by a French soldier who, after standing by me for a few minutes, finally said very slowly and carefully, "Isn't them waters placid?" I agreed with him that they were, but did not attempt to go into any lengthy explanation in the French language as to why I thought so for fear I might be guilty of giving him probably a worse shock than he had given me. But I knew that I couldn't go far wrong by saying, "Oui, Monsieur." In a short while this man sauntered on down the promenade, and another took his place. His English, however, was a trifle further advanced than the first man's. At least, what he did say he said remarkably well; he knew how to ask for a cigarette. Further than that I doubt if he had any ambitions—linguistically speaking—for when they arrive at the stage where they can successfully ask for a cigarette, nothing else matters—except getting it. It is exceedingly difficult for the French to secure cigarettes, for our canteens and Y.M.C.A.'s have but a limited supply and will only sell them to Americans. The average Frenchman would sell his soul for a package of American cigarettes. Doubtless the aroma of the Fatima which I was smoking assailed his nostrils, for he said in rather ponderous accents "Giff me one ci-ga-rette, eef you please." I did. After lighting same for him he replied, "Merci beaucoup, Monsieur," and strolled off puffing away contentedly much to the envy of his brother Frenchmen along the board walk.

I am also enclosing you a silk handkerchief—a souvenir of France. It was given me by Madame Poontoizeau, an old French lady who runs a restaurant here, and where I often take my meals. She purchases it in Nantes, to which city she recently made a trip. Her photograph appears on a post-card which I sent you. She is shown standing directly in front of her cafe. Madame is a dear old soul, constantly mothering all of the boys, and they all admire her very much. I've learned more French from her than anyone else, although, pardon me—she has a rather charming daughter that isn't such a bad instructor. N'est-ce-pas? Keep the kerchief for me until I return as I'll always value it very highly.

Did you receive the picture of my friend, the French Corporal, which I sent you? He is an interpreter at this station at present. He is to start a French class here very shortly and I intend entering it. It certainly was splendid of Mr. Watson to secure a specialty

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DOING HIS MOST.  
(Houston Post.)  
I don't want nothin' so much just now as for Waudrow Wilson to tell me how I can do the most for my country. I can't get me from of the line an' try my strength with that of the Boches, but believe me, I'm a tough old out. An' if I was up in front I think the Boche line would be tattered pink! But kin make the old farm do more this year than ever it's done before. Each acre of it, an' corner, too, has got to do all it well kin do! Take the last spot, in the furthest row, would keep our flag from fallin' low! Let our boys line up an' go on away. We'll keep 'em gettin' three squares a day! I will work this farm so doggone hard, from the furthest field to the big front yard, that it will grow with the cross it totes! An' I will bring up a bunch of shoats to eat the trimmin's of everything. An' make pork of them, I will, by jing! An' I kin raise me a steer in meat. Our boys up front'll be glad to eat. When this here war overseas is done, an' we have cured the thievish' Huns of suckin' eggs, an' Our Boys are home, I'll want to set in the autumn gloom an' hear accounts of the bloody row. We'll both have done all we both know how. The farm an' me—our big bumpin' best—An' we'll want to set fur a while an' rest.

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